City so full of fate for us. Well may the old Portuguese dons have named you " the beautiful/' would that my pen could describe you as eloquently as you always speak to me whenever I set foot upon your palm-girt shore.

Queen of all Eastern cities, standing at the portal of that wonderful country of Hindustan which has been as a fairy godmother to so many of the Anglo-Saxon race, often beneficent, sometimes malign, always fateful, with what mixed emotions have we, the children of the West, greeted and paid adieux to your matchless bay !

If Marseilles is a city which thrills us with a kind of mental electricity, which gives the effect of the passage of currents generated by the boat-loads of human beings daily discharging and embarking at her side, where one seems to place one's finger on the beating pulse of life and find it strangely moving, so Bombay speaks to us of destiny, of joys hidden in the womb of the future, of sorrows buried in the past. How many English

have I known who have found in India the desire ol their hearts, who have left buried in her bosom their dearest and best. Never can one enter or leave Bombay Harbour without a